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GREAT FAMILIES FALL.

Degenerate Sons Sicken or Later Ruin Them.

Lithuanian Prince Who Died Almost a Pauper—How Noble European Houses Have Been Dragged Down—Descendants of a King Become a Wretch.

In the little village of Grodno, Lithuania, there died a few weeks ago the bearer of one of the proudest names in eastern European history, says the New York Tribune. He was an ordinary physician, and went his daily rounds among the village sick, collecting with the greatest difficulty enough money to support his aged wife. It was Prince Ignaz Jagello, believed by many to be the last scion of the royal Jagello family, which once ruled in Lithuania. By the victory of Tannenberg, in 1410, the founder of the family broke the power of the "German Order." The difference between the simple life of this "Dr. Rezio" and the magnificence of his ancestors led a number of instances of the degradation of the descendants of once famous and powerful families.

"In Grosswardeln, Hungary," he writes, "died recently a modest and industrious clerk, Johann Szabo, who had passed his life in semi-poverty. Few who followed him to the grave knew that his real name was one of the highest and greatest in French history. The aged Szabo was a grandson of Marquis Chabaud Rohan, who immigrated into Hungary after the French revolution. The old gentleman taught languages in the Wenchheim house, adjusted himself to his changed condition, married and gave the name Szabo to his descendants. When it was learned that a Rohan had died in France leaving an immense fortune, they came forward and proved they were genuine Rohans. But the recognition of their claims was useless, as they had not been remembered by the testator. The old Szabo continued to work as a poor clerk to his death, and no one can say that he ever dishonored the famous noble family to which he belonged. That was left for another scion of the race, Prince Benjamin Rohan, who was sentenced to prison in Paris two years ago and subjected to a fine of two thousand francs.

"The last Borgia came to his end a short time ago at Gugli, near Salzburg. He was Baron Calisto von Borgia, whose father lost his fortune through the Austrian government in 1837, and lived later in Salzburg, as an employee of a tobacco house. The younger baron was employed for a short time in the office of a lawyer and became later a photographer, living for twenty years in Germany. A long sickness impoverished him, and his widow lives from the alms of others.

"On board of a steamer going from Bordeaux to the Thames in 1880, just as the vessel came in sight of the English coast, an old man, apparently poverty stricken, ended his days. He called himself Charles Edward Stuart, count of Albany. He was, in fact, the last descendant of the pretender, Charles Edward, and his wife, Princess Louise Stolberg.

"Leon de Luzignans, prince of Korikos, a descendant of the Armenian kings, died in Italy in 1876, in the most abject poverty. He had served in the French army until 1850, and was wounded at Solferino. Napoleon III. granted him a pension, which, however, was not paid after the fall of the empire.

"The famous family of Mont-Morency, related to the Lusignans," adds the writer, "has sunk so far that a Mont-Morency is a farm servant in the neighborhood of Paris. A descendant of the Valois family is a letter-carrier in Saint-Chamas; a Marquis de Pallique is a cab driver, a Count Charles de Bussiere is a floor cleaner in Ruffec and a De la Bourdardiere is a washerwoman.

"Only a short time ago a minister in the village of West Bromwich, Yorkshire, discovered possibly the last Plantagenet in a small boy-of-all-work. His father was a chimney-sweep, and, despite the family tree in his possession, had shortened the name into Plant to escape being teased by his comrades. A Tudor died in Wales in the thirties as a poor cooper's smith.

"The fall of the great German noble family of Von Sickingen is also interesting. In the churchyard of the little village of Yorch, near Sauerthal, is the grave of the last male descendant of Franz von Sickingen, who once bade defiance to a German emperor and made France fear. He died, after wasting his property, in 1894, in the hut of a peasant who had given him shelter from pity.

"As the Paris Figaro recently told its readers, a Princess Galitsin works as a stable girl in a French circus; a Prince Krapotchin is a cab driver in Moscow; a Prince Soltkoff is a laborer in a St. Petersburg market; a Princess Pignatelli is a music hall singer and Countess Olosy is a circus rider.

DEPOPULATED BY OPIUM.

At the Present Rate That Will Soon Be the Condition of These French Islands.

W. Hoffner, for two years manager of the Societe Commerciale, which owns large stores on the Marquesas and Dominique Islands, lately arrived here, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Every two or three months Mr. Hoffner was in the habit of cruising in a boat around these islands, making numerous landings. This has made him exceedingly familiar with the islands and their inhabitants. He says that the natives are dying off very rapidly by reason of the use of opium and that in a short time there will be none left. The past year has made fearful inroads on them.

"The deaths have been so frequent," said Mr. Hoffner, "that lately the French government has been doing all it could to suppress the opium habit, but with meagre success. It hinders it in some ways, but in the main it is carried on as before. The French government introduced opium into the islands about twenty years ago, and now a vain effort is being made to stamp out the evil. It is, however, too late to remedy the wrong.

"The natives are dying off like flies. In ten years, if the present rate of mortality keeps up, there will not be one of them left. The last few years have been especially severe and made terrible inroads on the population. Where the natives cannot get opium to satisfy their cravings, they substitute a brandy obtained from the cocoanut tree, which is even worse than the product of the poppy juice. The liquor is nothing, in fact, but the natural sap of the cocoanut tree. The islanders bore holes in the tree, and the sap almost immediately begins to run. This process kills the tree, but they do not care for that. The liquor is stronger than opium, and I have seen the poor native drunk on it and lying about like dead men for three or four days.

"They do not smoke the opium, but eat it, and in enormous quantities. They eat so much of it and have such abnormal cravings for it to the exclusion of almost every other desire, that they do not buy the amount of general merchandise they ordinarily would. As a result, business is bad in the islands. Trade, outside of opium, has fallen off a great deal, and the people seem to have lost the energy and desire to advance that they once had. It is so quiet there now that I think I shall return to Chili, where I was before. When the native population is wiped out altogether, as now seems to be its fate, the islands will be an excellent field for emigration. I am not sure that at present the French government would encourage immigration."

Mr. Hoffner says there are now very few Americans on the islands.

Exports Always at Hand.

In London, when a lady wearing a tiny silver star meets a man with a silver star, she will say: "How d'ye do, brother?" and he replies: "How d'ye do, sister?" Either is then privileged to extend any courtesy or ask any favor of the other, without the act being misapprehended. If, for example, she desires an escort to the theater, she can ask a man to go with her without his thinking she is expressing a too flattering preference for his society. If he wishes her companionship on any occasion, she accepts it in the spirit it is offered. "The order of the Silver star," says the Evening Sun, arises out of the necessities of a social civilization, in which men and women are more and more indispensable to one another. For this the new organization provides. Otherwise it is called the "Anti-Matrimonial league." This by no means prohibits marriage. In fact, it has been called the "Anti-Matrimonial league." But this was by persons ineligible to membership. Neither widows nor widowers are admitted.

Remnants of a Famous Indian Tribe.

A meeting of the surviving members of the Narragansett tribe of Indians has just been called. There are about one hundred persons to answer. All the New England tribes who, with those of New York state, were the noblest of the red men on the continent, are fast dwindling away, and only a few pure-blooded braves and squaws yet survive. These illustrious nations in New England are the Penobscots of Maine, the Mohegans and Pequods of Connecticut and the Narragansetts of Rhode Island. The Penobscots retain their tribal organization intact at Indian island, in the Penobscot river, in the woods, near Old Town; the Mohegans at Mohegan village, on the river bank of the Thames river, in the woods, three miles south of Norwich; the Pequods along the rough hills of North Stonington and Ledyard, and the shores of Lantern Hill pond, in southeastern Connecticut, and the Narragansetts at Charlestown, on the shore of the open ocean in Rhode Island.

TWO DOMESTIC TRAGEDIES.

Two Noble-Hearted Girls Who Faced the Horrors of a Murder.

They were sisters, these two, at the moment in awful peril, and they were alone in the house in their extremity, says the Free Press.

"Here," said the elder one, handing her sister a deadly-looking dirk, "is a knife. Beshink you you can use it?" "I bethink me I can," replied the younger girl with chattering teeth, "but oh, Celeste, is there no way but this?"

"She had read 'Virginia.'"

"None; methinks I bear him move."

"S'ido I. He is struggling to escape."

"Open the cellar door cautiously. I have oiled the hinges. I will stand here and hold the light. Courage, brave girl! Hiss! I can hear him stir."

"Now may the fates defend us," whispered the girl with the knife, "and save me from a death ignoble. What vital part shall I strike, Celeste?"

"Give it to him in the neck, sister. But soft, is yonder light the jocular orb of day, and has the light faded into morning?"

"Nay, that is the electric light on the corner which has just showed its hand. I go now to kill him. Yes, I have said it to kill him!"

The brave, heroic, beautiful girl plunged down the stairs into the opaque semi-darkness, and in a moment a terrific shriek—Celeste at once recognized the brand—told that all was over.

"Are you bringing him up?" asked the girl at the head of the cellar stairs in a voice alike on both sides.

"Yes—by hand," came the ghostly whisper.

The next moment he was dropped on the floor, and the sisters threw themselves into each other's arms, while shriek after shriek clove the purple distance of the night.

They had murdered a mouse.

THE OLDEST LOCK.

It Was Made of Wood and Its Key Was Remarkably Large.

In the "History of Nineveh and Its Palaces," by Joseph Dozoni, we find a description of perhaps the oldest lock ever discovered, says Hardware.

It was used in securing the gates in one of the palaces of Khorsabad. In describing this ancient piece of hardware, if such terms may be applied to wooden locks, he says: "At the end of the chamber, just behind the first bull, was formerly a strong gate of one leaf, which was fastened by a large wooden lock, like those still used in the east, of which the key was made of wood and could conveniently carry, and by a bar which moved into a square hole in the wall.

"It is to a key of this description that the prophet probably alludes: 'And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder,' and it is remarkable that the word for key in this passage of Scripture, 'mufthah,' is the same in use all over the east at the present time. The key of an ordinary street door is commonly thirteen or fourteen inches long and the key of the gate of a public building or of a street or of a quarter of a town is two feet or more in length.

"The iron peg at one end of the piece of wood corresponded to so many holes in the wooden bar or bolt of the lock, which when the door or gate is shut cannot be opened until the key has been inserted and the impediment to the drawing back of the bolt removed by raising up so many iron pins that fall down into holes in the bar or bolt corresponding to the peg in the key."

This description and others of a corroboratory character prove that this form of lock and key was in use in Egypt four or five thousand years, during which extended period of time it does not appear to have undergone any successful change.

THE PEANUT.

One of the Important Items of Our Southern Industry.

The peanut is the fruit of a plant common in warm countries. It is sometimes called the ground-pea and ground or earth nut. Still another name for it, says the Detroit Free Press, is pindal or pinder, and in western Africa it is called mandubul. The plant is a trailing vine with small yellow flowers. After the flowers fall the flower stem grows longer, bends downward, and the pod on the end forces itself into the ground, where it ripens. Peanuts are raised in immense quantities on the west coast of Africa, in South America and in the southern United States. The vines are dug with pronged hoes or forks, dried for a few days and then stacked for two weeks to cure. The pods are picked by hand from the vines, cleaned in a fanning mill, and sometimes bleached with sulphur, and packed in bags for market. Peanuts are sometimes eaten raw, but usually roasted or baked. In Africa and South America they form one of the chief articles of food. Large quantities of them are made into an oil much like olive oil, and which is used in the same way. It is also used in the manufacture of soap. A bushel of peanuts, when pressed cold, will make a gallon of oil. If heat is used, more oil is made, but it is not so good. In Spain peanuts are ground and mixed with chocolate. Peanut vines make good food for cattle.

The peanut gets its name from the shape of its pod, which is like that of the pea.

SCHOOL SYSTEM OF FRANCE.

The Symmetry and Working Are Held to Be Next Thing to Perfection.

"Every child in France at this hour," says the complacent minister in the well-known story, "is studying the same lesson," and, according to the Fortnightly Review, it is practically the same for every undergraduate still. Uniform knowledge and uniform precision, with uniform justice for every young citizen, are thus secured, and what are commonly reckoned the "essential qualities of the French mind" are unquestionably developed. Not only the symmetry, but the working of the system is perfect; the grand scheme is gone, even the code has its uncertainties, new government and principles come and go; but the University of France has sat as it was set, above the reach of time or politics, as becomes the mighty spiritual organization it is. The body of the nation is in its outer court, its government classes are in the second and third. We recognize in England how largely the public schoolboy is father of the man, but we must deepen this impression tenfold to realize the national importance of the lyceum and his baccalaureate. One might write a good account of modern France in terms of him alone—the lyceum full-blown as a literature and critic, as an artist and engineer, as a journalist and politician, as a soldier and colonizer, and so on. In all such occupations, however, he has too much to do with the outer court; it is in the inner one, that of the doctorate, the aggregation, the diploma of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, that he fully blossoms, unspotted from the world. He becomes a professor or other functionary, for above all things the ambition of the conventionally well-educated Frenchman is to belong to some bureau or other. The profane call this inner court (with some approach to descriptive accuracy, it must be confessed) that of the "mandarinat," its more erudite and authoritative personages, becoming "mandarins," and its humbler Levites "ronds de cuir," i. e., civil servants, viewed teleologically as coverings for stools. So upon every mind in France there is laid the dead hand of the great law-giver.

HIS OWN BANKER.

A Hoosier's Great Wealth of Always Ready Cash.

A land-owner and cattle-raiser in Warren county, Ind., died recently. He had a large tract of land devoted exclusively to grazing, and his sales of cattle every year ran up to scores of thousands of dollars. Much of this money during the latter years of his life he invested in more land. He bought farms, cleared them of their buildings, and turned them into hay-fields and pasture-ground. His transactions, says the Cincinnati Times-Star, were always conducted on a cash basis. Where he kept his money was a mystery. At the time of his death he had about eight thousand acres of land, ranging in value from thirty-five dollars to one hundred dollars an acre. He had been living alone on a farm about two miles from the county seat. When on his death-bed, with his children, who were all grown up and married, surrounding him, he said to them that they would be surprised when they opened the safe, a small affair which was in the room. When it was opened after the funeral it was found to contain one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That was his bank. He had kept his money in the little safe in his house, two miles in the country, and had had large sums there for years. Imagine what an easy prey this would have been to a handful of burglars. Two or three men could have taken it any night without the slightest trouble. But he kept his secret well.

AN IRISH "LOT'S WIFE."

She Was a Wicked Creature and Now Wears a Unique Costume.

A curious legend is attached to a strange monument which stands in a solitary spot near Bantry, Ireland. It is a natural rock standing upward of six feet in height, and containing five basin-like hollows on its surface. In each basin is a long, oval stone. It is said that "once upon a time" a woman lived in that neighborhood who was in the habit of robbing the farmers throughout the district. In the dead of night she used to enter their barns, milk their cows and transfer from each dairy as much butter as she could carry.

The good Saint Frachna, conscious of her depredations, resolved to punish the woman. He mounted his horse and pursued her as she was leaving one of the farms. Overtaking the culprit he changed her into stone, and she stands there to this day, a monument of righteous retribution. The stone basins are those in which she was carrying the milk, and the pieces of rock in each are said to be the butter she had stolen. The tree beside the rock grew out of the spangle with which she was accustomed to tie the cows' legs before milking them. This curious legend is known and believed by all the peasants in the district.

A Stubborn Savage.

Samory, the great Mohamudan chief of interior Africa, is about the last semi-savage of the dark country to yield to civilization and the force of arms.

The French have gradually driven him into closer quarters, and now the British are conducting raids against his warriors. Samory is the greatest bandit king in the world.

FOOR RICHARD.

A Few of Benjamin Franklin's Claims to Greatness.

No man ever preached a doctrine which more skillfully showed how to get the best for yourself, and no man ever showed himself more ready than Franklin to do things for others, says Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas. He invented an open stove to give more heat with less wood, but he refused to take out a patent for it, glad of an opportunity to serve his neighbors; and this invention of Franklin's was the beginning of the great American stove trade of to-day. He founded the first fire company in Philadelphia, and so made a beginning for the present fire departments. He procured the reorganization of the night watch and the payment of the watchmen, thus preparing for the regular police force now established. He started a philosophical society, and he took the lead in setting on foot an academy, which still survives as the University of Pennsylvania. While he was doing things for others, others did things for him, and he was made clerk of the general assembly in 1730, and postmaster of Philadelphia in 1737. In 1750 he was elected a member of the assembly, and in 1753 he was made postmaster general for all the colonies. In 1748 he had retired from business, having so fitted his practice to his preaching that he had gained a competency when only forty-two years old.

The leisure thus acquired he used in the study of electrical science, then in its infancy. He soon mastered all that was known, and then he made new experiments with his wonted ingenuity. He was the first to declare the identity of electricity with lightning. Using a wet string, he flew a kite against a thunder cloud, and drew a spark from the lightning rod was his invention. Of his investigations and experiments he wrote reports that were printed in England and translated in France. The Royal society voted him the Copley medal; the French king had the experiments repeated before him, and both Harvard and Yale made Franklin a Master of Arts.

UTAH'S INDIAN LANDS.

Immense Reservations Which Citizens of the Territory Want Opened.

The Wichita and Uncompahgre Indian reservations, which Delegate Rawlins is endeavoring to have opened for settlement this winter, comprise some of the richest agricultural and mineral lands in the territory. There are about five million acres, probably one-fourth of which is available for agricultural and grazing purposes, and two hundred and fifty thousand acres for agricultural purposes alone. There is an abundance of good water available for irrigation and for mining.

The reservations are owned by about two thousand Indians, who have never attempted to cultivate those portions that are tillable and who still live in a state of savagery. So far their possessions have not been encroached upon, though they have long been coveted. The miners and prospectors cannot long be withheld, for rich minerals are known to abound there, and neither the federal government nor the power of the prospectors from examining and sampling the mountains.

The citizens of Utah reason that this country should not be given over exclusively to a few well-fed, lazy Indians, when it is capable of being made rich in farms, villages, railroads, factories and mills. They hold that, with allotted lands, surrounded by civilizing influences, these Indians may become good citizens of the United States, which they certainly are not now. They claim that the theory of sending a few white men among them to teach them how to farm and read and tend stock is a false one; that only by contact with the whites and with different surroundings can they ever be reclaimed.

There is no attempt to rob the Indians or to drive them out. The proposition is to give them farms in severalty, which will all be under ditches constructed by white men, and thus they will have practical teaching and ready markets. Mormons and gentiles are a unit upon the question of utilizing these reservations.

Opium Smoking in China.

"Seven-tenths of the people of China are opium smokers, and two million die annually from its effects," said a Chinese missionary recently, who has spent twenty-two years of his life in the flowery kingdom. "This habit is rapidly growing." He went on, "and it is confined to no class or sect, but men and women, officials and coolies, use it alike. As soon as opium smoking becomes a confirmed habit with a Chinese coolie he knows that he has about ten years to live. That seems to be the average. I consider it easier to reform a sot in the gutter, one of your lowest type of drunkards, than an opium smoker."

Ingenuity.

The following ingenious mode of crossing a river was once displayed by a Kafir, who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to cross the stream at a time when to ford it was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sardonic expression remarkable among these savages, he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head and then walked with perfect ease through the torrent to the opposite side.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT MARCH 31, 1894.

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THE HEATH TRIAL.

A surprise was sprung on the defense in the Heath murder trial at Fresno on Monday, when Mrs. C. Palmer, of Washington Colony, was brought into Court on a cot, she being in the last stages of consumption, and testified that she had taken her husband to the 2:30 train on the night of the McWhorter murder, and on her return home, and when not far from the McWhorter residence she was passed by a buggy with two men in it. They came near running into her phaeton and one swore at her. Their horses were on the loose, and she soon came to some burning cloth in some foliage by the roadside, and fearing a fire might be started by it she got out and put it out and picked up the article on fire and found a mask and white silk handkerchief partially burned, the latter having the name of "R. B. He" on it, the balance of the Heath having been burned. She testified that one of the men was Reel B. Terry, who ran for Congress in this District a few years ago. She was subjected to a severe examination by Foote for the defense, but was positive the man who was driving was Terry. The production of the tell-tale handkerchief staggered Heath, who showed his agitation very plainly. As Mrs. Palmer is a wealthy and highly esteemed woman, and on the verge of the grave, her testimony created great excitement. Terry denies the story of his being in the buggy, and says he was at home in bed. Judge Harris having gone home with him and slept with him that night, both of their wives being out of town. There was other evidence that a buggy was seen driving from the vicinity of the murder at that time.

It turns out that Joseph Green, the wealthy orchardist at Courtland on the Sacramento river, who died recently leaving an estate valued at \$300,000, left a wife and child, a daughter, in the East when he came to California thirty years ago, and paid no further attention to them and in time his wife mourned him as dead, but he was alive enough to take another wife here. In his will he thought enough of his daughter in the East to leave her \$8,000, but his Eastern wife and daughter want more of the \$300,000 and will commence a suit for a proper share of his estate. He probably thought it cheaper to get a new wife here than to go to the expense of bringing his old one to California. A case of this kind came to light in this county after the death of one of Mono's well-known citizens, so it is a fashionable fad among married men who have or had wives in the East.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, died in Washington on Monday. He was 70 years old. He was a Mexican War Veteran, a member of the 33d Congress, a member of Georgia's secession convention, a Presidential elector in '60, a Confederate Brigadier General, and then Major General in the same cause, and in '76 was elected Governor for four years and again re-elected, and in 1885 was elected U. S. Senator, and re-elected in 1888. His term would expire March 1895.

Not Romantic.

At the time of the recent hold-up of the Milton stage, one of the lady passengers was so overcome by fright that she fainted. One of the robbers showed quite a romantic interest in her welfare, when the other called out to him: "Oh, let her alone; women always make a hash of a fuss over any little thing that goes wrong."—Calaveras Prospector.

W. E. Hill, foreman of the Holmes Mill at Candelaria, Nev., was found dead in the assay office of the Company last Sunday afternoon. He was on the lounge, and had a bullet hole in his temple. A .22-caliber rifle was beside him. He left a note which shows that he was insane.

Admiral Mello, the Brazilian insurgent, does not feel disposed to give up the fight against the Government and has had himself made the head of the Provisional Government.

Admiral Walker has been ordered to Honolulu to relieve Admiral Irwin, and Admiral Kirkland will go to Montevideo and hoist his flag on the Newark.

The Truckee Republican says that 20 feet of snow fell at that place this winter, up to March 21st. In the winter of 1889-90 34 feet fell up to the same date.

It is said that paper makers in the East are forming a combine to put up prices. It is a pity they can't be headed off by a free trade tariff.

Z. Pierce, of Smith Valley, has a contract to deliver the butter from the Smith Valley Creamery at the nearest shipping point.

The name of the Greenfield, Mason Valley, Nev., Postoffice has been changed to Yerington, in compliment to young Yerington.

Bishop had a little shooting scrape between some young bloods, but nobody was hurt, on Sunday night, the 18th.

Bishop had a sharp earthquake shock at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 20th.

COMMENTS ON CLEVELAND.

Commenting upon the approaching departure to Honolulu of Admiral Walker of the American Navy to establish a naval station, the London Times says: This seems to mark a precipitate descent from the pinnacle of virtue on which President Cleveland took his stand a short time ago. It is easy to understand the advantages that would accrue to the United States Navy from the possession of such an advantageous place as Pearl Harbor. The civilized world has also every reason to be content with the United States to protect those islands, even though such protection seems to have no other meaning than the confirmation of the Provisional Government. What seems perplexing, is the contrast between this concession to wordy expediency and the lofty resolution expressed by President Cleveland hardly three months ago. It is so impossible to question the correctness of the course of national morality then laid down by him that one cannot help inquiring what has since occurred to invalidate them. Neither the House of Representatives nor the Senate has repudiated his high moral principles. Possibly the recent electoral success of the Republican party has influenced in the President's mind an apprehension. A great reverse to his party often has a debilitating effect upon the President's nerves. Moreover, President Cleveland has no idea that President Dole and his friends were such obstinate people. We can well understand how thoroughly unpleasant and unpopular it would be to land American marines in order to put down the Provisional Government and restore the Queen; but when all is urged that can be urged, in behalf of frail statesmanship, it must be confessed that the surrender of the President of the United States to the other President is not too dignified.

April Weather.

Prof. Hicks in Word and Works says we may look for storms between the 5th and 9th. Very warm days will usher in each regular storm period, and sudden cold bring up the rear. In the West there will be a very warm spell, with rain and hail, and snow in the North as the storm proceeds Eastward. About the 12th and 13th all sections will have heavy showers, with hail, thunder and wind. Very cold weather, with frosts, will succeed these disturbances. It will be stormy from the 17th to the 21st to be followed by more storms between the 24th and 26th, after which there will be a cool wave. The month will end with a warm spell, with storms advancing from the West. Tornado storms may be looked for in some sections, and on the 5th and 19th earthquakes may be experienced.

Graham has given the country another example of the dictatorial spirit of the Cleveland Administration in making a secret treaty with the Chinese Minister at Washington. Cleveland and his Secretary seem to think that the people have no right to know what they are doing or propose to do in such matters. They once attempted to replace Queen Lili on her throne without saying to the people of this country "By your leave!" but they soon found that the American people would not put up with such doings, and they will probably find out that the Chinese Treaty as prepared by the great Graham will be given the cold shoulder. It may contain many good provisions, but it does have some that should not be supported by this Government.

The Midwinter Fair people have been very liberal in the awards to the orange growers of this State. Every one exhibiting an orange must have received a premium, as the Examiner publishes nearly two columns of names of growers receiving premiums.

The Mason Valley Tidings has entered a new volume. It is a good local paper, and a valuable institution for that great valley, which has become better known to the outside world since that paper became a fixture of the valley. Bro. Sayre has our best wishes for continued success.

New Nevada wool is quoted in San Francisco at 9 cents a pound.

On Wednesday, Stewart introduced his bill for free unlimited silver.

AN UNSEEN ENEMY.

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasms in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

NEW TO-DAY.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF DAVID KNIGHT, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of David Knight, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the law office of Chas. L. Hayes, in the town of Bridgeport, Mono county, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in said County of Mono.

Dated Bridgeport, Cal., this 28th day of March, 1894.

A. P. SAYRE, Administrator of the Estate of David Knight, deceased.
CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Administrator.

CAUTION.

MY WIFE MAUDE B. DAY, HAVING LEFT my bed and board, without any cause whatever, and against my wishes and without my consent, I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract from and after this date.

CHARLES E. DAY.
Dated March 24th, 1894.

INFORMALITY OF JUDGES.

Supreme Court Justices Less Anxious Than High Judge Expected.
Sticklers for the almost proprieties find but one fault with the supreme court of the United States, and that is that Chief Justice Fuller's hands are too much in evidence there, says the New York Sun. They are like the pretty hands of the tavern hostess whom poor Gerard met in Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." Her hands were forever flying about like excited white pigeons. The chief justice's hands are also like the arms of the angelic actress with whom Arthur Pendennis fell in love when he was a boy. Her arms were so continually exposed, says Thackeray, that she could only be seen through them, as it were. Chief Justice Fuller's long, nervous, thin, white hands are forever pulling his long mustachios or hovering about his nose, and if anything could upset the dignity of that high court it would be those hands that would do it. Our New York lawyers find the court most interesting in its contrast with our own courts. The other day a great light of the bar was arguing a very serious case before the almost full bench when Mr. Justice Field interrupted him, called him by his surname without taking the trouble to prefix the word "Mister," and then cracked a little joke with him in the most free and easy way. It was as if he had said: "See here, Tomkiss, you New Yorkers see clean streets when there is a fresh fall of snow on them, don't you?" There was absolutely nothing to criticize in such an interruption, and yet no such thing would occur in a high court in this state once in twenty years.

A Hunter's Great Feat.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the great African hunter, in one night killed three lions. Two had been shot, and Selous and his native servant had gone to bed in their hut, when another lion began to sniff around the frail shelter. It was so dark that nothing could be seen, but instant action was necessary, as the lion might any moment force an entrance. "To prevent such a consummation," says Mr. Selous, "I pushed the muzzle of my rifle between the poles, just where my ears told me my would-be interviewer was moving them, and, pointing it upward, holding the stock on the ground, pulled the trigger. Once more, and for the third time that night, the report of the rifle was answered by the most terrific roars it is possible to conceive, uttered as they were within six feet of our ears." Then the hunter returned to his couch and slept calmly till morning.

MEDICAL.



Mrs. R. A. Hamilton
Given Up to Die

"I was troubled with liver complaint and enlargement of the spleen. At last I could not walk across my room, and took to my bed, as many thought I did. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am entirely cured. It has all been brought about by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. R. A. HAMILTON, Fresno, California.
Hood's Pills Cure Black Headaches. 25c

T. T. KOENIG, M. D.

(Regular Graduate),
Physician and Surgeon;
BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

LEGAL.

Taxes, 1893. Taxes.

NOTICE

TAX PAYERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE SECOND AND LAST INSTALLMENT of the Tax on the REAL ESTATE in Mono county, California, being one half (1/2) of said tax, is due January 1st, 1894, and payable, and, if not paid prior to the

THIRTIETH DAY OF APRIL, 1894, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, a penalty of FIVE (5) per cent, will be added thereto. ALSO, further NOTICE is given, that the Tax on the whole of the Personal property, and one-half (1/2) the Real Estate, which was not paid when due, as the First Installment, prior to the 27th day of November, 1893, and to which a penalty of Fifteen (15) per cent, was added thereto, is due and payable, and, if not paid prior to the

THIRTIETH DAY OF APRIL, 1894, at SIX o'clock P. M. of that day, an additional penalty of FIVE (5) per cent, will be added thereto, making a total of TWENTY (20) per cent. AND NOTICE is further given that, if the Tax is not paid prior to the SECOND DAY OF JUNE, 1894, the list of DELINQUENT TAXES will be placed with the printer, and published on the NINTH DAY OF JUNE, 1894, and will be sold on the SECOND DAY OF JULY, 1894, at TEN o'clock A. M. of that day, at the front door of the Court House, in the Town of Bridgeport, Mono county, California, for the lawful money of the United States, cash in hand paid.

Taxes are payable in United States Gold Coins. Checks will be first cashed before amount is credited or receipt given.
Dated Bridgeport, December 28th, 1893.
M. P. HAYS, Tax Collector of Mono County, Cal.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

LIBERAL RATES.

MADE BY THE
Southern Pacific
Company.

FOR THE
CALIFORNIA
Midwinter International
EXPOSITION
AT
SAN FRANCISCO.

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS, GOOD FOR 30 DAYS.
FROM STATIONS 50 MILES AND LESS FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD fare, with fifty cents added for one gate ticket to the Fair.

MINIMUM RATE, \$1.00.
FROM STATIONS OVER 50 AND NOT OVER 150 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD fare, with \$1.00 added for two gate tickets to the Fair.
FROM STATIONS OVER 150 AND NOT OVER 300 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD fare, with \$2.00 added for four gate tickets to the Fair.
FROM STATIONS OVER 300 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE FARE ONLY, with \$2.50 added for five gate tickets to the Fair.
CHILDREN AGED 5 AND UNDER 12 YEARS ONE HALF ABOVE NAMED RATES.
TICKETS WILL BE GOOD ONLY FOR A CONTINUOUS TRIP EACH WAY.
STOP OVER PRIVILEGES ON RETURN TRIP MAY BE OBTAINED BY ADDITIONAL PAYMENT OF ONE-FIFTH ONE-WAY FARE.

EXCURSION TRIPS.
From San Francisco to other points in California will be allowed purchasers of special mid-winter Fair tickets at the following round trip rates:

TO STATIONS UNDER 150 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD one way fare.
TO STATIONS 150 MILES OR MORE FROM SAN FRANCISCO, ONE AND ONE-THIRD one way fare.

For exact rates inquire of the nearest S. P. Co. Agent, or address the undersigned.
S. P. CO. Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

\$9 TO GENOA.

FAST TIME
AND
CHEAP FARE.

WHITTEMORE'S BRIDGEPORT LINE.

Carrying the United States Mail.

Leaves BRIDGEPORT at 6 A. M. on
MONDAYS,
WEDNESDAYS
and FRIDAYS for
Coleville, Topaz and
Holtbrooks,
CONNECTING WITH STAGES FOR
Genoa and Carson.

MARTIN'S STAGE
Leaves GENOA.

(On ARRIVAL OF STAGES FROM CARSON)
MONDAYS.

WEDNESDAYS,
and FRIDAYS.
Connecting at HOLT BROOKS,
on above days, for

TOPAZ, COLEVILLE
and BRIDGEPORT.

\$9 TO GENOA.

ROUND TRIP—\$5 00.

BRIDGEPORT AND BODIE STAGE LINE.

Carrying the Mail and Express.

Connecting with the HAWTHORNE Stage.
Leaves Bridgeport every morning, except Sunday, at SIX o'clock—returning in the afternoon, Connecting with the

ANTELOPE STAGE LINE (for CARSON) on
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS.
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, ETC.
taken to Bodie at reasonable rates.

WILLIAM H. ADAIR, Proprietor.

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL
ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:
Buggy team, \$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals, 1 00
Each additional pair of animals, 25
Horseman, 25
Pack animals, each, 25
Hogs and sheep, each, 10
Loose stock, each, 5
Empty teams, half-price.

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL
ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Rates of tolls on the
BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.
All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gate, no credit is given.

Buggy team, \$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals, 1 00
Each additional pair of animals, 25
Horseman, 25
Pack animals, each, 25
Hogs and sheep, each, 10
Loose stock, each, 5
Empty teams half-price.

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ASSAYER AND

METALLURGIST.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

CHARLES L. HAYES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

WM. O. PARKER

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Go and learn how wonderfully you

are made and how to avoid sickness

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SOLDIERS, CHILDREN, PARENTS,

Also for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of

duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war.

Survivors of the Indian war of 1812 to 1825, and

their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims

a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates.

Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee

until successful.

GOOD ADVICE.

Every patriotic citizen should give his

personal effort and influence to increase

the circulation of his home paper which

teaches the American policy of Protec-

tion. It is his duty to aid in this respect

in every way possible. After the home

paper is taken care of, why not sub-

scribe for the AMERICAN PROTECTOR,

published by the American Protective

Tariff League? One of its correspon-

dents says: "No true American can

get along without it. I consider it the

greatest and truest political teacher in

the United States."

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sample copy. Address Wilbur F. Wake-

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BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY,
CALIFORNIA.

First-Class In Its App int-

ments.

Free Livery and Feed Stable connected

with the Hotel.

The patronage of the Public respectfully so-

licited.

CANINE SENTINELS.

How a Noted Moonshiner Evaded the Revenue Officers.

By the Aid of His Faithful Dogs the Illicit Distiller Was Enabled for a Long Time to Carry on His nefarious Business.

The most noted moonshiner in West Virginia, and perhaps in Kentucky and North Carolina—Jim Day—has at last been captured. The government officers have been trying to arrest Day for over fifteen years, but failed on every occasion. Day, who is a tall, muscular, shrewd-looking fellow, has been running illicit stills for over fifteen years. During this time he had sometimes as many as a dozen stills running at one time. The stills were located in the depths of the primitive forests or in caves in the mountain sides, a long distance from roads, trails, and trails. The stills were always located near some prominent height of a point from which a guard or spy—constantly on the alert—could overlook all approaches and advise his companions of the vicinity of suspicious looking strangers. In fifteen years only two of Day's stills have been captured and destroyed. On each of these occasions Day and his men all made their escape. Time and again revenue officers have attempted to waylay and ambush Day. They found roads and trails over which it was known he would be forced to travel and they then placed squads in ambush, but, according to the St. Louis Republic, although Day had been seen or traced along the road, he always slipped through their fingers without a scratch.

At last the secret of his success in evading the officers became known. Day had a number of thoroughbred dogs which he had trained to scent out revenue officers or strangers and to notify him of their presence long before they could come in sight. When traveling over the routes or trails leading to and from his stills two of Day's dogs always trotted along in front several hundred yards, taking opposite sides of the road. Two would fall back in the rear and one would advance like a scout on each side. In case of an ambush the dogs in front would scent the presence of the deputy marshals before they got within one hundred yards of them. They would then return quickly to their master and inform him by their actions of the presence of the enemy. Day would then take to the woods to the right or left, with a dog in advance, and pass around an ambush without being seen. In case pursuers should come up behind, Day's dogs, which had been trailing along, would quickly hear or scent them, and then would hurry forward to their master, who, knowing by their actions how close the enemy was, could easily evade them. With such guards it was almost useless for the officers to attempt to capture Day. They often gave up the search in disgust, to start out a month or two later reinvigorated and encouraged by rumors or reports of spies, to lead again and again. Day could be heard of in McDowell county one day, and the next some one from Taswell, in Virginia, fifty miles away, would report that he had been seen in that section. He proved to be an ignis fatuus to the officers, and although they could hear of half a dozen stills running in as many places in the mountains, the officers in the entire fifteen years were successful only in capturing two of his stills.

THE CUP OF GOLD.

A Beautiful Flower That Is the Floral Emblem of California.

Strangers visiting California are attracted by the great splashes of gold that appear in the pasture lands and by the wayides, says the London Illustrated News. It is the eschscholtzia (esch-sholt-zia), which is now the flower emblem of California. The appropriateness of this selection is seen in many ways. It is the wild wine goblet of the state, suggestive, in color, of the orange and the precious metal. The Spaniards, indeed, called it el oro de copa—the cup of gold. In the month of October, 1816, the ship *Burick* entered the bay of San Francisco. The naturalist, Adalbert von Chamisso was on the *Burick*, and named the poppy for his companion of the voyage, one Herr Eschscholtz. The latter may have been a good citizen, and his name may sound euphonious to his nation; but to the Anglo-Saxon the word is a mouthful.

Californians should be thankful, however, that the flower was not christened with his full name of Johannfriedricheschscholtzia. It will never be known how many California school children have barely escaped strangulation in attempting to pronounce the botanical name of the poppy. This flower has a wide distribution; it is found from Oregon to the central highlands of Mexico, from Nevada and Arizona to the islands of the coast.

STORY OF MARK TWAIN.

He Was Willing to Play Dog But Wanted the Perquisites.

A traveler now in town on a visit heard a new story about Mark Twain from an old Mississippi river pilot with whom Mr. Clemens once worked for awhile in a pilot house on that river, says the New York Sun. It seems that he came up in the pilot house carrying an enormous and expensive black Havana cigar which excited the envy of the master pilot. "Where did you get that cigar, Sam?" the pilot asked. "A gentleman in the cabin gave it to me," said the budding humorist. "Well, do you think you ought to keep that cigar and I ought to go without it?" the pilot asked.

"Now, look here," said Mark Twain, "I know I am only your helper and I'm willing to play dog to you. You can throw sticks in the water and let me jump in after 'em. I'll do whatever you say, but—and here he drawled in his peculiar way—"I do think I ought to have some perquisites."

AN AGE OF WONDERS.

Remarkable Things That Show How Great This Country Is.

This is a wonderful age we are living in—a wonderful age, and this is a wonderful country. It is doubtful if any of the effete old world dynasties can produce such things, bordering on the miraculous, as are becoming almost everyday occurrences in this land of the free, says the Erie Herald.

A few days ago the press dispatches announced that some fellow out in Missouri had discovered coal. There was nothing so remarkable about the fact that coal had been discovered. The remarkable feature of the case is that this particular quality of coal emits no smoke when burned. According to the report, you could build a fire of this coal in the center of your parlor floor and be unable to find a particle of smoke in the room. In the words of Col. Mulberry Sellers, "there's millions in it."

But this truly strange case is perhaps outdone by one which is alleged to have recently occurred in the salubrious climate of California. The voracious chronicle states that some thirty years ago one John Bahler, then residing in Wisconsin, lost his eyesight and subsequently had both eyeballs taken out. The end of the optic nerve being left as a stub in each case. Right here is where the wonder comes in. Don't miss it. About a year ago, at his home in Fresno, Mr. Bahler suddenly saw the light of a lamp placed opposite to him on the other side of the room, and the examination showed that new eyeballs were growing on the ends of the optic nerves.

Since that time his sight has gradually improved, until now he can shoot a rifle with considerable accuracy, and hopes soon to be able to see how the foreigners pay the tariff tax.

Indeed, this is a great country, and isn't anywhere near developed yet. Cattle milk cows and steal chickens and green corn right here in Pennsylvania, but the boundless west contains still greater possibilities than the east, and if old Europe can produce any such wonders or special newspaper correspondents let her trot 'em out.

GOETHE AND REVOLUTIONS.

A Well-Known and Very Characteristic Anecdote of the Great Author.

Goethe's wide grasp of the physical researches of the day and his intense interest in scientific progress were kept up to the last. The weight of four-score years had not the effect of narrowing his outlook. There is a well-known and very characteristic anecdote of him in the evening of his life which may be recalled as illustrating in a few lines what he was and what he was not, says Temple Bar.

It was the 1st of August, 1830. The news of the French revolution had reached Weimar that morning and all was in commotion. On entering Goethe's room his secretary, M. Soret, was accosted with the exclamation: "Now, what do you think of this great event?" "A frightful story," answered Soret, "but with such a ministry what was to be expected but the expulsion of the royal family?" "We do not appear to understand each other," said Goethe, ever indifferent to politics, even when boiling up into revolution; "I am speaking of the contest so important for science between Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, which has come to an open rupture in the academy."

Goethe, it must be remembered, considered the question at issue as a matter of the greatest importance to the future of science. He was greatly rejoiced over the fact that the youthful physicist, St. Hilaire, had shown him self so powerful an ally of his own fixed idea of the synthetic manner of looking at nature. It was a fine burst of enthusiasm of Goethe's, when, during this same interview with his secretary, he exclaimed: "What is all intercourse with nature, if we merely occupy ourselves with individual material parts, and do not feel the breath of the spirit which prescribes to every part its direction, and orders or sanctions every deviation by means of an inherent law? I have exerted myself in this great question for fifty years. At first I was alone, then I found support, and now at last, to my great joy, I am surpassed by congenial minds."

NO CHANCE TO BE PIOUS.

A Mule-Driving Mountaineer's Reason for Never Attending Church.

The circuit rider in the West Virginia mountains one day overtook a mountaineer driving a pair of mules along the road and engaged him in conversation, as was his wont, says the Detroit Free Press.

"You will excuse me," said the good man, "but I am the preacher on this circuit, and I want to know the people who live here. I suppose this is your neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir, I live down here on Greasy, just beyant the forks," was the prompt response.

"I don't think I saw you at church last Sunday, did I?"

"No, sir; but I usually aim to get thar. Had a spell uv sickness last week an' was laid up."

"I am glad to hear you are a church-goer and I hope you are a member."

"Well, mister, and the native's face showed some regret, "I hain't got so far along as that yet. Bout the best I kin do is to go to meetin' and take chances on the balance."

"But why don't you become a member?"

"Cause my business is agin it."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a teamster."

"Why, that is no reason why you shouldn't join the church."

"But I drive mules, mister, an' after ten years at it I'm here to say that mule drivin' an' the Christian religion won't gee fer shucks, an' thar ain't no use tryin' to make 'em. I'm just as glad to see you, though, mister, an'—whoa, thar, whoa," he broke in on himself as his team went into a chuck hole, and before he got on to hard ground again the preacher was convinced that the native was more than half right.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

The Instinct of Self-Preservation Illustrated by Two Singular Circumstances.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," said a St. Louisan to a Globe-Democrat man, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat. Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one and would strike the glass whenever anyone approached. The owner of the reptile challenged anyone in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do. One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it first, and, after repeated attempts, gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted it, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined. I witnessed another illustration of this in Paris. A young man had lost his last sou at a gambling table. Not only was he without means, but he had lost a large sum belonging to his employer. He started for the Seine to drown himself. On the way there was a great commotion, caused by the escape of a tiger from a strolling menagerie. The animal came down the street and people fled in every direction. Instantly the man who was seeking death climbed a lamp post and hung to the top of it, trembling in every muscle. When the animal was captured and the danger was over he went to the river and committed suicide. I was interested in the account of the suicide, and prompted by curiosity, went to see the body, instantly recognizing it as that of the young man whom I had seen make so frantic an effort to escape death, evidently but a few minutes before he sought it and at the very time that he was seeking an opportunity to end his existence."

ON A CHERRY STONE.

A Talented Convict Carves His Petition for a Pardon.

Gessé Berger, the actor and newspaper man, has a picture in calligraphy that has a remarkable history. It is a size thirty by forty-two inches, and is the work of Joseph Loew, the most noted counterfeiter that the Austrian government ever knew.

When an application is made for a pardon in Austria the red tape policy of that country compels the applicant to address the emperor with all his titles. "Emperor Ferdinand had about forty titles. Loew engraved all of these names, together with his petition for a pardon, on a cherry stone.

The letters were so fine that it required the aid of a powerful microscope to decipher them. One day when the emperor visited the prison Loew in person presented a cherry stone to the emperor and told him what it contained. The emperor made an examination and was so amazed at the work that he gave him an unconditional pardon. Not only did he pardon him, but gave him a position as a detective to trail down counterfeiters. Loew was a well informed man in all the arts and rascalities of counterfeiters, and in less than two years after his pardon he ran to the earth almost every counterfeiter in Austria, and died a few years ago covered with detective honors. The picture, although made fifty years ago, is in a remarkable state of preservation.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

A Protest Against the Wanton Destruction of the Feathered Tribes.

An American dealer sold last year two million bird skins. All were used for ornamenting woman's attire. Women ought to cry down this vanity that feeds and pampers the destruction of the feathered tribes. The birds sacrificed are, of course, those of richest plumage, and, of course, also, those that will be least easily replaced.

In fact, if this thing continues American bird life of the gentler order will pretty soon become extinct. Is not the warfare the American Humane society has opened upon the bird-skin traffic wholly justifiable? We think so. The destruction referred to contributes not one whit to human need nor human comfort. It adds nothing to the intellectual, nothing to the mental. It is simply wantonness practiced at the beck of fashion, and as silly and meaningless a fashion, too, as ever was spawned from the brain of a man milliner.

There are birds in plenty that shed their plumage, to supply the vain demand for flaming headgear. Why should the fashion monarchs be inexorable, and also demand the bodies of our feathered songsters?

Language of the Dog's Tail.

All dogs wag their tails when pleased, and the movement is generally understood by their human associates as an intimation that they are very happy. The chief delight of wild dogs, as with modern hounds and sporting dogs, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. When the presence of game is first detected is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is almost an invariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in a wild state. Owing to some insouciance of the nervous mechanism the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the emotion, whatever may call it forth.

How to Eat Fruit.

In southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural shape and never think of treating it to doses of sugar, salt or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck out the juice and then throw the orange away. Small American people often do the same, but the American must try his hand at improving nature, so he puts a lump of sugar in it. An orange planter thinks such a thing desecration.

MEDICAL.



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SARATOGA CHIPS.

The American Way of Eating Them Versus the German.

Several of the male members of the opera company sat at the same table in the Ste. Claire hotel. Another gentleman was given a seat at the same table. It seems that at dinner one day he ordered Saratoga chip potatoes and when they were served he began eating them with his fingers. The others looked on in amazement and soon began talking in German about the impropriety of the action. They applied a number of pet names to him, principally among which was the American hog. One of them thought the thinly sliced potatoes looked good, so he ordered some and when they came proceeded to tackle them with his fork. He made about as good a job of it as he would have been able to do with the same implement, but by this time the supposedly ill-bred American had finished, and after watching with amusement the antics of the other, who had to do considerable juggling to load the potato in his mouth, arose and in leaving said in very good German: "Fareien Sie, gentlemen, but if you will eat those potatoes with your fingers, as the Americans do, you will find it much easier."

Bowing politely, he departed, leaving the Germans dumfounded.

York and Lancaster Roses.

Those familiar with Shakespeare remember that the two antagonistic houses of York and Lancaster had their followers distinguished by one side carrying white roses and the other red roses. There is in cultivation a rose called the York and Lancaster on account of striped white and red lines pervading the petals—these colors, of course, represent the two houses united. Just what particular species of roses were chosen has always had an interest for the critical student. A recent notice in the Quarterly Review decides that the white rose of York was the English white rose, *Rosa arvensis*, and warmly contends that it was a double variety of this species; but if that rose at all, it was most likely to be a pure wild form, for it would be almost impossible to get double flowers for the thousands of men who engaged in those broils.

Whales in the North Pacific.

The whale is destined to disappear from the North Pacific much more speedily than he was driven from the eastern approaches to the Arctic. The whale fleet sailing out of the port of San Francisco last year caught in the Arctic regions no less than three hundred and fifty-three whales. The product of last season's catch would have been represented by about two million dollars had prices remained as they were about three years ago. When one small steamer takes sixty-two whales in a single season, and a still smaller one kills sixty-four, there is a striking illustration of what steam is doing for the extermination of the whale in the Pacific. There will be no restriction. The whale fishery by sailing vessels has for some time been unprofitable. What the sailing craft could not do in a lifetime of years the steam whaler will pretty effectually accomplish in a very few years.

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